

51?

A-CROSS WIRES

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Top 1% of
Quasi-Psychotic
Publications!

real vs fake



the earth

esp. people in it

90s trash!

TV
fascists

EVERYWHERE, NOWHERE, NOTHING
...and BRISBANE
SOOT, Chivalry, SGS...

More filler-filler-filler-hjj

The Dentist

I walked into a room where an old boyfriend was on the dentist's chair. He was unconscious. I knew I was attracted to the dentist a lot. He turned around and I saw his face looked wise and attractive. We somehow came to be hugging each other, and talked. "I've got him doped up on valium and opioids," he said. "He comes here once a week." I looked up into the dentist's eyes with an equal mixture of serious, skeptical sternness and soft admiration and said, "Be careful with him. We love him very much. He's on other drugs..." "Weed on the weekend..." the dentist said. I didn't want to correct him and say that Old Boyfriend was recently on MDMA and xanax too, most likely, because I didn't want to do on him. I was scared he was a benzo addict, or would become one. Benzos, if taken regularly enough, can cause cognitive dulling, memory loss and withdrawal symptoms that are longer lasting and arguably (according to paramedics I knew) more physically dangerous than heroin. Serious prolonged discontinuation syndrome including nausea, cognitive dulling and worse anxiety can ensue, I learned in my hypochondriac years of psychiatric survivor youtube watching and forum reading.

Dobbing didn't seem right, still, and I was under the spell of the authoritative dentist. "I should book an appointment too," I said. "You should", he said. His loose attitude to drugs, for a dentist (who in this dream-world had the power to dole them out) seemed kind of cool. And this dentistry wasn't something you wanted to be awake for, right?

I watched his instruments move very sensitively over a nearly-cleaned tooth. In some weeks time he would have done the whole mouth, and it would be done. I admired his attention to detail like an artist. He complimented my attention to detail because I was watching and commenting sometimes, with a delicate and intelligent air.

Other people were milling around the room, people my old boyfriend and I knew, but nobody in particular. Maybe two to five people, just hanging around like ghosts socialising.

The dentist pulled out the pliers and pulled a tooth out. It came out nicely. He pulled out a second tooth with a big grunting effort but the tooth splintered, so he left part of it in. He didn't look so graceful. What would go in the tooth's place? One tooth pulled, that was probably rotten – fine. But it seemed like he was going to town a bit. I looked at my old boyfriend's face (which seemed to be on the other side of where his tooth was) and he was completely knocked out still. It was a weird thing to comprehend.

In the tooth cavity, the dentist placed two magic mushrooms and put the tooth back on top. For the pain. I thought, wouldn't it rot?

I tried to comprehend how psychedelics could ease the pain of something like a toothache and thought, it *kind of* makes sense. It must warp the reality of that tooth hurting. The dentist seemed to think that the tooth would fuse back into place, somehow.

I was allowed to eat the tooth shrooms myself, the exact ones that had been put in the cavity. You only needed a little bit. I had chewed them when I realised this must be the case, and I spat the pulp out. I was worried a bit, perhaps. Nothing seemed different yet, only I felt a bit like when you are tired and have drunk a lot of coffee (last night was a shitty night's sleep). I thought a bit of movies, I think, or the idea of movies and them changing how I see the world a bit.

I looked at some walls outside with psychedelic rainbow style, ad-agency-looking, Melbourne-like fake graffiti on them, and thought this is the reality that's supposed to be interesting and different. It was sort of like a laneway outside. Ghostly, aimless friends around and an unconscious old boyfriend. The dentist wasn't that interesting either, anymore. I woke up.

The mushies might be a metaphor for movies, I think. I wouldn't eat mushies in real life and my old boyfriend doesn't dabble in those nowadays. We both watch a lot of movies now, though.

Fake life/real life

Do you ever feel like you're just going through the motions, and the people in films are real?

You're depersonalised, without purpose, but the film world is real? Well, that's because you're watching actors. Watching actors creeps me out on some level. The fact that they are controlling all of their emotions and movements makes me a bit suspect of cinema. The fact that the stories and emotions portrayed seem more real than anything in my own life is dismaying. The fact that even if they are doing something small and insignificant, it is important, because it is in front of a camera, done with purpose and precision, can make you feel like you are important when you do those things, or it could make you feel small and unimportant because it is not you being watched. You could get the delusion that you are being watched, like many people with what is called psychosis, or feel you are watched and loved by God, by something inside of yourself. I heard a quote somewhere that said, God IS the cinema. I had a friend, too, who had this weird thought that in an alternate universe some universes along, he was a camera. The cinema is weird, and the feelings it produces are weird, to me.

Sometimes I am scared it sucks our souls and accustoms us to being passive. For a long time I was worried about being passive. I didn't understand what is going on when I see a piece of media. I still don't, completely, but I have reached a place in my mind where I am stable within myself and have an idea of the cultural narratives and economic processes that go behind the making of a film. Therefore, I can watch, and integrate the film into a cultural narrative I am forming, that is part reality, part dreams. What I am seeing is usually entirely artificial, I am understanding, except when I see the reality of the actors and the context of a work situation that I can envisage. I have seen some horrific films, but I just integrate the scenes into my meta-narrative through which I understand reality. This model of reality is made up of the subjective realities of others, as expressed in reality and in films, perceived and processed by my mind, which is fairly emotionally neutral because I can sit on the couch. I can still respond to the content I see, as I am human, but I am also like another consciousness looking in.

Mankind cannot live off bread alone, and mankind cannot live off movies (and bread)

alone, either. But join me as I watch movies and try to figure out the plot of my own existence. Maybe I can become a real social actor. I won't have to take DXM to feel like I am as valid as the movie characters, like I am seen and recognised with a story told and a life really lived.

I AM a real social actor, I am a real person. These IDEAS though. They get to you.



Illustration 1: a real-life stock image of a dream

DOOM GENERATION

Warning: contains spoilers for Doom Generation, Aniara, ALSO MIGHT BE FULL OF SHIT, SEXISM, CLICHES

Drifting teenagers have no money at grocery shop. They almost get murdered. A violent, rude, intruder (Xavier) they kicked out of their car saves their arses multiple times. They are now on the run from the FBI.

Xavier protects their safety and infiltrates their relationship by hitting on them both.

Meanwhile, trouble's been brewing elsewhere, off the TV screen. Ex-boyfriends can't let go and want revenge. Nazis are grouping. Sound familiar? (Also theyre ALL a bit fascist/shit)

Well I don't usually go typing at this hour of the mourning but I just watched a movie and THE END IS NIGH, it said, in 1995 thereabouts, preciently portraying the main issues of our present times talked about all over the internet. Murder, aids, teenage sex crises, fast food, drugs,

alcohol, cigarettes, rape, murder, theft, apocalypse.

You see it all starts off proclaiming it's the director's HETEROSEXUAL FILM, and it IS very heterosexual, fundamentally. In fact so much that it's suspect. It starts off in a nightclub of hell with the cliché femme fatale looking chick with black bob and red lipstick all like "ughh blah im mildly inconvenienced I will slit my wrists if I dont find a lighter can we leave" and her boyfriend who's like "hey sure babe its ok whatever man"

They almost have sex in a car but the guy Jordan's nervous and scared of aids but they're both virgins. Just like the Good Lord intended. In fact it is a reminder to the audience that He looks on, from the dashboard there is a Jesus figurine or something. Then there's a fight and this dude ends up in the car after some stabby action and the chick's like fuck off cunt (but in very American teenage verbal virtuoso terms) but the boyfriend is like "whoah hey dude whats your name r u ok". That may have been a strategic diplomatic move on his part, like to be nice, given his physical vulnerability there but it may have just been he was stupid. The chick ends up putting her foot down and he gets out of the car, yells, "WILL YOU MARRY ME?" like a good christian boy.

They end up ditching him and getting stuff at a Quik-e-mart. They have no money and the asian shop attendant points a gun at them. I am not pointing out race for no reason, they were fully like ethnic garb whole asian family business thing going on. The presence of minority ethnicities I guess ties into the whole theme of the movie to be revealed. Or it doesn't matter, could just be superficial diversity to make the sameness of the shops bit different.

Anyhow the crazy dude X is somehow there and saves em and they go to a motel. Everything is all luxurious and uniform like it's cheapo mass produced and decadent at once. All red velvet (like the elaborate couch I dragged down the street that didnt fit anywhere. Will miss you couch). Symbolising decadence and stuff.

So there is sex in the bath (clean) and the third dude wanks to them.

Oh and there are, throughout the film, a bunch of dudes who run into them and are like "omg why did you leave me" to Amy. So maybe she is not a virgin. (but she could have been with how cute her and bf were). She's like fuck off I dont know u" to these boys but they have to be fought off. Do those boys just hate ALL WOMEN and Amy is ALL WOMEN in the film? Or a type of woman, that Amy represents? They are caught up in the past, the idealised future that 'should have been theirs', but they are unrecognisable and ultimately irrelevant to the story that revolves around not having money, running from the authorities and the awkward present.

Maybe SHE is the Whore of Babylon (whatever that even is, in the crazy dream journal of Revelations)? Every shop front says "REPENT TO SAVE UR SOST SOULS" and a good one, "WE DONT CALL 911". Everyone out for themselves. And EVERY monetary transaction is 666, which is fantastic because MONEY = ROOT OF EVIL.

Anyhow this creepy dude X kills people manages to hit on the dude and the chick and have sex with the chick and the guy kind of looks up to him or has a sense of camaraderie.

This film is talking about cuckoldry before it became like a central topic on the internet. And showing the social issues of the times and the potential emergencies, that are more poignant because they all remember WWII and Vietnam and the 50s and stuff. Shows ya what kids with no authority are up to! No parental guidance.

This sicko dude comes along to this sweet couple and takes over. Teaches them a thing or two about sex and murder and being an asshole. He demeans them both verbally and disrespecting their property in the initial instance. The sicko calls the dude jailbait but he's the sexually queer one.

What happens in the end, is that some nazis in a barn come alone and chop the dudes dick off because he's a faggot, or because he apparently loved his girlfriend too much? it's confusing

which, because they sing a song about faggots as he n the guy are in bed. But they taunt him about the tied up girl being raped by a virgin mary statue.

The Nazi is actually one of the alleged ex boyfriends. The past, idealised future that should have been his, has made him the ultimate murderer!

Poor Jordan, the innocent, tolerant male who gets a teen love fantasy dies.

Anyhow he nazis are like the ultimate bosses for this lesser sicko murderer, X, who killed the string of security guards, shop attendants, vengeful exes before them.

He doesn't get to kill them for some reason. The boyfriend got to say his last words of "i love you". But then the film shows the girl and the sicko dude driving off with peaceful music like the Nazis had restores order in the land after all, by shutting up the woman, castrating and killing the subordinate male and releasing the two lest into the wild again after their punishment.

The punishment for a nihilistic, permissive society is fascism. Or the punishment for a fascist, fear-driven, money-oriented, violent society is nihilism and permissive ratbags. Either way? Anyhow, the film is overall an exaggerated vision of the conservative moral panic of the 20th century. You can take the film literally and it's a fable telling us that mankind is fundamentally gross and bad and the men who are scummy but not overall psychopaths are the best hope at inheriting society in lieu of fascists who will actually hurt innocent people in order to enforce a warped, strictured, sentimental and secretly sexually twisted, alien version of conservative society.

See, they're all rotten underneath, they y're notqueer or straight or anything underneath, they're all creepy little children who like sticking things up their bums and bullying small things while humming demented songs like the Americal national anthem. There's no sophisticated heirarchy out in the country there, in the barn, just a bunch of dudes with flags and stuff to kill. Man on man, man on boy, man on

woman. Pure wholesome Americana, those patriots want. No decadence, not even clothing, just a flag over the dick! All the basic symbols of the wholesome society. Pull the woll over the eyes, keep the creepy stuff dark.

The other perversions of this movie seem moderate in comparison. The trash, the scaremongering of mere signs, the plastic tacky fast food aesthetics, bright lipstick, the fights, the 666, the cuckoldry, profanity all of that retro fun.

What's sick (cool) about this movie is that it's about good and evil, order and disoeder, moral choices, pleasure choices, personal control. In the 20th century there was the insignia, the discourse and counter-discourse to battle out what life should be lived. Nowadays would be shot as a sentimental, ambiguous reflection on mental health, polyamory and political correctness or something. Not as in-your-face intense pleasures and life-or-death situations. Nowadays IS live or death, too! Nukes, fascists, STI's still, drugs, loneliness, religion, artificial environments.

Everything and everyone is just utter trash, which is enjoyable because you feel like they chose it to be that way. You feel like there's a choice (otherwise it would be morally unjustifiable to laugh at them). Conversely, there's no choices at all because everything and everyone is laid out so trashily that sentiment, history and morality don't even apply. I mean the couple were sweet at times, and you knew the girl had a traumatic upbringing but the film doesn't pause on any of that. It empowers us all to judge them and envy them in a perverse way. Her car, her lipstick, her ability to subsist on convenience store snacks, diet coke and meth, it's like you're 17 and pull your first all nighter and wonder if you're invincible. The protagonists are shit and the nazis and ex-boyfriends (or, mistaken ex boyfriends) are shit, but just that little bit shittier that you do cringe a bit at the violence.

The ex-boyfriend IS one of the nazi rapists, btw. It's the 'alt right', the incels, the 'sog (mysogyny) dogs! It's like they want to take it out on any woman. Or, Amy maybe actually IS just denying she ever knew those guys. Maybe she says she is a virgin to every guy she meets (how weird does

this sound in 2019?) and gets off on the power over them.

It seems like true love doesn't really exist in this film, except maybe Jordan (was that his name?), who was sincere in his affection, even if a bit immature and detached from circumstances of their safety. He died for them. He was the wussy type of Christianity which lets evil try to reach its tentacles towards your soul, without really seeing what it is, because you shouldn't be judgmental. In the end, it's Xavier who ends up the true American Christian; anti-authoritarian, violent in defense of the weak, listening to the woman, accepting being judged by the woman, judging and being judged in equal measure (judge others as you would like to be judged), watching the outside world for danger while the woman's preoccupied with bitter self-defence against all men (including him) and protection of her own body, while he has a hard-on for other men too and admits it, but doesn't actually stick it anywhere in the movie, or anything like that. Jordan, the innocent teenage lover, is uncertain of who he is and if this man he submits to socially is somebody he should be sexually attracted to. It's like he pretends to be a bit gay, because he's treated that way. He doesn't know the dark side of his soul and the souls of men.

X even has a tattoo on his dick so people can say "I have Jesus inside of me".

My favourite films are the ones where good and evil come around in full circle where, evil and good are almost as terrifying as each other and the lines are blurred until something happens which shows the distinction between the two, that good must be conceded to be a terrible sword. *Night of the Hunter* (1950s USA) and *Love Exposure* (Japan, 2000's) are other examples of deviancy and purity, and their superficial appearances, intertwining and meeting in an ultimate battle in which gender, money and lies play a big role. Great to watch.

There's a reason why it's simultaneously hilarious and horrible – don't take any of it for granted. There's a reason American made these films so great. So bad, so insane, so psychotic but so real. Dreams and reality meet!

Nuclear family consumerist moderate patriot vs. decadent, angsty teen rebel?

In the context of America in the 20th century, there is a way that leads to life, which is work, shopping, church – and more lives – and a way that leads to death via aids or drugs or something. It's a really crude set of options there. It's sort of taken for granted that there is a Way, and that others stray from The Way because of parental divorce, neglect, mental illness, peer rejection or so on. This narrative still plays through in my mind,, even though it's less simple than it is in a time where what you had to do to succeed at convention was simple.

This narrative (meta narrative) of choice and stability and (seuperficial, at least) moral righteousness underlies many of the great (fun) films of the 20th century like *Trainspotting*, *Zabriskie Point*, *SLC Punk*, *Dogs in Space* etc.

Someone has a dream of escape from family into collective alternative lifestyle free from money and cold-hearted power but the weeds of drugs, money, fear, power choke em up. It's terrifying because an ultimately good instinct to see injustice, hypocrisy in a system gets mixed up with evil in predictable but unpredictably complex ways.

The wholesome capitalist fam fun vs. rebel thing also is the meta-narrative underlying much of the sociological analysis of privilege. If you can make good choices easier and get rewarded for them easier, that is privilege. So anyone underneath who gets plain fed up is wrapped up with the deviants – queers, people of colour, female victims of sexism, victims of family violence, low IQ people, rural populations.

It was common sense that where you came from made you lower and you either accepted it as your lot or acted out, or, you used ideas in society for your own righteous ambitions.

I write about this in part because I feel, with some angst, that I have a choice and both of them are unjust – polluted by money, power, privilege and weaknesses.

I know that I can neither depend on a subculture or set of activities around reaction to society and raw angst, or an Australian christian type of modern Christianity that is integrated with the political and financial system (eg. our PM attends). Both grasp at a utopia beyond just the mere family unit and consumerism – we NEED an alternative - artistically, spiritually, recreationally, economically - to what is plainly moderate and culturally passive. But it's not yet our art, or their worship, that overcomes the evil on all sides. We are insane, yes. But insanity and reality, and good and evil, really intertwine in history more than we might care to realise if we just pick an expression, or a group, and go along with it.

What I am struggling to do is overcome a narrative in myself that is that, you either do things to look after yourself and turn yourself into a good healthy worker-consumer, or you are in darkness, rebellion and mental illness. There is A LITTLE creativity where an alternative to this really self-conscious, predetermined struggle to establish oneself as a secure middle class identity exists, for a little bit. You're 'alternative'. Or you identify with another culture like Indigenous, pacific islander or Maori because of connections to the land, the wider family unit and black diaspora seem more appealing, or you get into Asian culture, but then, you realise you can't belong fully and you still don't want to define yourself by respect to your elders and tradition, because deep down you are a Westerner. The tension between belonging and rebellion, love and hatred, freedom and responsibility is at least as old as the Bible itself. You know that the Church is corrupt and the institutions of money and business, and the institution of the family that you are compelled to privilege above all others to feed it, with money and business and fake religion.

In fact, you are more ambitious and universally benevolent, deep in your soul (your intellectual traditions, your sentiments, and your dreams), than many of the cultures that seem (perhaps function) more ethical than your Western one. You don't belong anywhere, truly. Your own ground is shifting. Not connected so much to your parents, your economy, your traditions. This can be bad for them and for you but you are

aware of the people who are NOT exactly like you. You have benefited from them and been terrified by them, loved and hated them. You've been aware of your own people letting you down, by being a good samaritan, by working too much, making too many compromises.

This comes back to Jesus himself. His mum would've like dhim to stay and settle down so he wouldn't get killed. Jesus also said he brought a sword and not peace. He was not accepted in his hometown, as a prophet. He'd walk around, test the teachers of the day, drive out evil spirits, heal people, teach common people. He multiplied bread and fishes without money. And so on. He came to fulfil what the old law of the Jews said but he also pissed off a lot of Jewish teachers. This is the tension that exists in the bible, that is full of literal contradictions.

Tension between self, establishment and desire for emancipation.

Money is the root of all evil but the route to salvation (Daniel Johnston's evil-sounding church mum said something like: "you're an unproductive servant! We give ten percent of our earnings while you sit here doing satanic drawings. You wouldn't even give ten percent if you had a job...") on this planet?

There is necessarily ambition to go beyond your community, your ancestors, but you have to maintain your own humility and equality with others – or else you're not an emancipatory figure. You're scared of yourself, of your own power. You repent, again and again.

All of this drama, contradiction, struggle and emotion that seems less visible in the 20th century – I think it's valuable. The insanity of the order, the function, the discipline, the insularity of the "good majority" perhaps can only meet its match in a challenger that is just as insane, but more pure and honest.

~~What happens when we take a middle road, a neutral road where satires and dramas do not apply is something like Aniara (recent Swedish film).~~

What is it like when I stop thinking of culture and society and it's dramas and take an emotionally neutral approach to life?

You're stuck on a space ship with technically proficient leaders designating roles and official messages for everybody and squashing dissent violently, and educating children for particular technological competencies and missions. There is perpetual crisis and false hope, or false hope and fake crises – either way. The physical confines of the space ship are obvious, and all the children know (and cannot imagine), so they are obedient. People go to a room where this AI machine gives them visions of real earth, or they drink alcohol made from algae. They form weird sex cults too, to pretend they are natural again. The artistic, intellectual and social hero of the film ingeniously recycles material from inside of the ship to create an image outside the ship of nature. It is too late, however. The most bouyant, resilient, inventive, technologically, spiritually and creatively adept survivor's excitement at this upside is met by death of her partner (female, if that's relevant) and their toddler (borne by the dead woman). The wound to the planet, the wound to the space ship's infrastructure, the wound to the partner (she was beaten by ship authorities), the pain of childbirth and the partner's relentless idealism and hope maintained a heirarchicalgulf between them. One spirit is dragging up, one is dragging down. The hero gets a medal for contributing to the ship, but she doesn't have a family or best friend anymore. She is pseudo-elevated.

Imagine you are new to where you are and can move up and down the social elevator via success at certain achievements. But mass movement connection – where is it? The capacity to understand leaders and question as equals, without fear? To understand all the low lives too? I want to BE something, independent of money-getting or success according to ruling class.

NOWHERE

This film was another film in the Teenage Doom series (or whatever it was called) by Gregg Araki. It is a whole different but similar, film that adds even more layers of meaning onto the other theme. It it a different film, it is new information,

a different storyline, that I could write about like that last film and draw similar but different conclusions! It's a slightly different subjective reality watching that film, and Doom Generation! They are different characters, and MORE characters to compare each character to – and still a lot of gender, sex, class and fear of annihilation. A WHOLE NEW article could be written about it, that might slightly challenge and also confirm what the other movie conveyed.

Think how many movies there are, and how many books, and how many individual lives there are on this planet. I could write FOREVER. I could put all the films together to form a full spectrum, a statistical analysis, and a reflection on the subjective revelations of ALL of them. Nah not really.

But I reckon, from my own vantage point, the film is great fun to watch and fun to analyse. They're so neat and full of consistent artistic choice, vision and contrast that you want to think, "why did he CHOOSE to put THAT subplot, THAT décor, THAT character?" They all have a purpose and distinct desire. I may write about it later.

ALL NATIONS SUCK/ARE GREAT



Illustration 2: Buncha complicated shit

I felt a bit guilty having talked about The West like these movies have something to do with The West in general, revealing truths about the psychology of all humans touched by a historical Christian influence and American movie influence. Like somehow I can find the truth about the story of the world by a few films I have cherry-picked, most likely.

Here is my (defacto) Europe correspondent from Scotland talking about the reality-detachment that talking about European or Western culture seems to indicate, and also the threat of foreign influence not coming from immigrants, but from rich Tories and rich Americans and their private systems of administering basic needs, particularly health care.

H: Hopefully we'll even still be part of Europe by the end of the year

There's this amazing assumption that people on the American right have, and I find the American right has undue influence on the Aussie right as well

Similar situations? Large continent-sized white culture that's not very old and is built on land once settled by indigenous peoples?

Anyway

They all think there is such a thing as "European culture" Most of the time it's a dog whistle for "white folks" but a lot of them really do believe there is this "Western culture" personified by European history. I mean go looking through any right-wing channels that talk about history and you'll see them idealising English Crusaders, Roman or Greek soldiers, Vikings, sometimes having them all in the same avi

It's this weird kind of disconnect caused by living in a culture derived from colonisation, with comparatively short history

And also from everyone for miles and miles around speaking the same language.

They don't know enough about history to know that there's a shitload of European countries regularly antagonising and going to war with each other, and they also assume that "Europe" as a region must have as much of a monoculture as "Australia" does

I mean they know about the big wars but

Anyone who thinks that there's a Western, European culture cannot possibly have met two different Europeans

The idea that Germany and France have the same culture

I think they can't grasp the idea that if you just drive for like 12 hours in any direction, at some point you're in a completely different country full of people who speak a different language and have a different culture

I guess that makes it more likely for them to think of any immigrants as invaders

Even across far-right parties from different European countries, you'd be hard-pressed to find some kind of consensus on culture and history, even though they're almost just making shit up as they go.

Fuck try talking to a Welshman and a Scotsman about British Culture. Technically we're part of the same union that covers a tiny geographical area

Europe's cool as shit though

I love it. Every time I go on holiday it's like "which one of these incredibly different countries and cultures will I visit" And wherever I go most of the signs are still comprehensible Thanks to English being widespread

CW: where did you last go?

H: Last year I got to spend a few hours wandering around Amsterdam completely by accident. I was on my way to Spain, had to transfer through the Netherlands

Last time I went away was... almost a year ago. We went to Prague

There's a genuine apprehension about British people though. You have to make an effort to appear overtly polite and receptive and if that doesn't work, make it clear you're Scottish-

CW: I have heard that about the French

H: -That's not a joke. We have a similarly detached culture here thanks to geographical isolation, a lack of engagement with Europe and a dearth of education about our own neighbors as well as a lot of odious mythmaking. We have a big imperial hangover.

Years of right-wing complaint and scapegoating about the EU have only compounded the problem. For a wealthy, cosmopolitan nation, we have a populace relatively apathetic toward the rest of Europe.

In short, whenever we go away it's often really easy to identify other brits because they're the noisiest cunts in the bar. They tend to be obnoxious and overtly -even proudly - incurious about the place they're in and the stereotype that they just want to find a convenient place to get drunk is often true
The french are alright tbh

CW: oh i mean that they in particular don't like british (or maybe just english) people
i have heard loud english people here before, more than americans tbh

H: Yeah cos we kicked fuck out them in the hundred years war m8
Americans, I've found, are pretty pleasant
We're a bit of a xenophobic bunch tbh. The suspicious hobbit-folk of europe
Not quite as bad being Scottish
It's more concentrated in england
But Glasgow is possibly the world's drunkest, noisiest city going by the opinions of people I know from outside the UK who lived here
Where do you live again?
Sorry I should know this
Melbourne?
??

CW: i have found that i have been very self-effacing and humble around minority cultural groups here but i draw the line at chinese nationalists posing as chinese cops in fake cop cars, in australia, to intimidate pro-democracy chinese people

Note: *I don't to make this about China vs. 'The West' by bringing up China – I am apprehensive about posting something like that, because I thought of it because I've been seeing stuff about China in the news lately with the 'trade war', Hong Kong protests and widespread stories questioning Chinese influence in Australia. I don't want to feed anyone's nationalism or any media-driven political machinations hinging on everyone thinking about China a certain way, whatever those may be.*

Been watching a lot of videos by laowhy86 and serpentza who observe differences between what it is like here and the most populour Asian

country – there are interesting differences in history, rule of law, the public conduct and the social systems.

There are also, of course, differences within China and within Asia, between Eastern Europe and Western Europe (where does 'the West' begin?), between colonialist and indigenous systems (which talk of 'The West' tend to forget), and between classes and generations, especially. So I want to be careful when I think about countries – however easy it is to generalise or focus on one thing, as you see in this text.

Here are screenshots from a sick video of Chinese teenage moped gangs (Ghost Flame) and someone wearing a strange outfit that is like if someone turned neon chinese city landscape into an outfit.

Look to the underground, across the world! Be aware but have your 'own' world to talk about.



Illustration 3: *Street vegetable plus modern neon: international dreams*



Illustration 4: *Pink and yellow hair, red n yellow vinyl looking outfit, pink shiny shoes. Modern, cheap, pop art punk aesthetic*

*Like a happy kid: bit of gardens, bit of plastic,
fast things, friends, freedom*

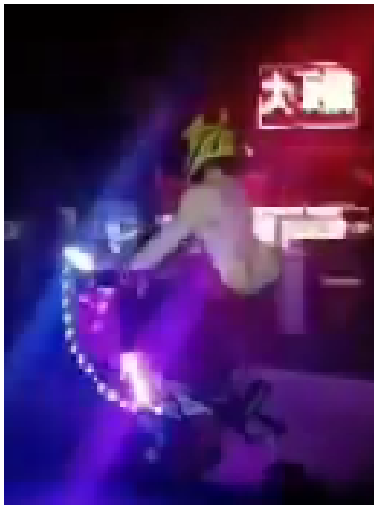


Illustration 5: Wheelie on a moped

Conversation continued:

Also been watching a lot of movies

no brisbane
used to be the gold coast

H: lol what?
About the chinese nationalists
That sounds like a farce

happened in america too but they got arrested by
us cops

It's so strange knowing you guys have such close
proximity to asia
I've seen Aussie right-wingers fearmongering
about potential chinese invasion.

CW: yeah, and [we have a] long standing
chinese-australian community

going back to gold rush years

yeah, weird times

H: here we're really only under threat from
uhhh... The US, a long-standing ally

CW: really, why?

H: And that's only bc our ruling class wants to
collaborate with their intent to privatise
everything for profit
Have you not heard? The Tories have been talking
up what great pals we'll be with the US after
Brexit, and there's talk of a trade deal.
But the Trump administration is insistent on
opening up a healthcare market here.
CW: ugh oh wow

H: The NHS has already had slices carved off it
and sold
A lot of incompetence in healthcare has been the
fault of companies who've been contracted to run
certain facilities. Richard Branson has been
buying up underperforming clinics (!!!)
maaaany of these companies have Tories, or
friends of Tories, involved somehow
And they all get sold these assets for faaaar less
than they're worth, too. The conservatives
undercut the cost to give them a sweet deal, so
the public purse doesn't even benefit like they say
it will. And then incompetence creeps in.

CW: it's a global trend, this privatising things
like that- employment agencies, healthcare,
prisons

Anyway most Tories - in government, not their
supporters, crucially - would quite like to see free
healthcare done away with entirely
And now casino don wants "anything on the
table" for a trade deal, specifically, healthcare.
I'm sure America's health insurance providers
would fucking love to be able to set up shop here

CW: mm
horrible

H: They're building a new mandate for Scottish
independence tbh
There's even talk of Ireland reunifying
United at last, by hatred of the fuckin Brits
Weird political setup we've got here

CW: um, can I exploit your writing for my zine
again? it needs a bit of political ire lately

H: But I don't know what I'm talking about
Put that as a disclaimer

CW: sure

Junk Bar show



Illustration 6: SOOT, Matt K pic

At the Junk Bar on a Thursday were Chivalry, SOOT and Sorry Golden State. Chivalry played romantic electro pop baritone singing songs about love and ecstasy and human encounter. They were very pretty. I wonder how much work went into them on that laptop he uses and sings with.

I had just finished the last zine and so rewarded myself with an overpriced beer. People were getting cocktails as their one rider or something, like espresso martinis. Then we got asked to move away from the main dim lit table area because it was meant to be for non band customers mainly.

Talked to a lot of people including a new guy who talked a lot and put his hand up to get Tia a beer when she asked behind the drum kit, and a girl from Berlin with a friend of ours.

The bands were very good and I hadn't had any speed. Tia bought me another beer.

Cocteau Twins rambling (envy, perhaps?)

Ended up running pushing trolleys up a hill bashing them into my housemates trolley and then figuring out I could take a screw off a bin to get around the locked Aldi bin situation. We filled up a trolley with more bread than anyone wanted and took the trolley back to near the bar but people were gone. I said we were the breadwinners hoohey. Then we went home and a couple of us went to Paddo drive thru Matt's to watch youtube. I drank one more beer there. The main music was Cocteau Twins. They are very

pretty and cool band but always struck me as kind of about cool/cold aesthetics and perhaps teenage wiccan navel gazing than anything I can discern as reliable in my soul. Well I guess nature is reliable, it's messy and a bit psychotic like nature? It's like they've found some faraway spiritual home (real or imagined) and come back to the banal 20th century domestic realm make me dazzled and envious. I do listen to them, despite these niggling thoughts. Is there something wrong with me, if I'm not unreservedly reverent of them? I mean I can't really tell much about them. It is, "look at meee and my universal womanhood, my connection to earthly things and dreeaamms" I don't know. Judging hat on, judging hat off... It just feels ephemeral, hollow, terrifying in equal amounts as it is good. I'm trying to uh, deconstruct that feeling. Am I deeply estranged from my own womanhood, whatever that means? Or is the music meant to feel a bit scary/unhinged, unless you're the one participating in it? Am I meant to join a special club?

Climate Change



This is a thing where too much of a part of the air gets hotter easier so the weather goes more crazy. This part of the air has to do with cow farts and factory chimneys and aeroplanes and most other things.

How we stop the aeroplanes, cow farts, cars, factories and things is hard because we use them to do things.

How much things do we need to stop, who needs to stop, who needs to be talked to about it and what other things can be done instead, that don't make climate change, is a thing people say stuff about sometimes.

Some people say that changing the air of the earth doesn't change much or pretend is it like a big volcano that nobody can do anything about. People might not do enough to change fast enough or some people might lie or tell people to do things because of it, like corporations or politicians who think they are better than everyone else and think that everyone should believe in their plan without knowing what it is or if it will work and also not just help rich people.

Some people worry so much about who will change things, and how, that they find it hard to think about what climate change is and if there could be a plan. They don't want to do anything or talk about it.

Some people think that the best chance is join a big group that talks a lot and some neat looking logos like Extinction Rebellion, The Greens and Stop Adani. These big group's plan is mostly to find other big groups that have people changing the air and go and tell them to stop, with a stop sign for instance.

Some people think that the best chance is to use less things, or use different things, such as less cars and factories with chimneys. The plan is to hope other people copy them and also make different things in a way changing the air less.

How much things we need to change, who needs to change and what should be done first hasn't been figured out, really.

I don't want to stop driving my car unless everyone else agrees to stop as well. If I stopped then the world would still be going the same way, but I wouldn't have a car.

Maybe a lot of businesses like coal and oil don't want to stop unless everyone else agrees to too. And the government doesn't want to make them stop until the other countries agree to too, most likely.

It is hard for country's or state's or local governments to talk to each and agree to stop things that change the air a lot, just like it is hard

for people to talk to each other and agree to change.

Some countries and states and cities/towns would have less money, less things and maybe less security from war. Some governments of some countries might also not be able to stop people and companies from doing things.

Most people would have to agree on things which each kind of person has to change, how much, for how long, and why.

How much difference each little change makes is something people won't be sure about because most people are not great at science and maths and a lot that are don't have all the information. So people would feel like they might be sacrificing more than other people, or more than they have to

So the things we agree to do would just have to seem fair by making sure that there will be food, houses and things for everyone, especially the poor people.

Some people think the solution to this is just people not having babies but how many babies there should be (that the earth can support) is not something we know until we find out what each person can use/do for the climate to be saved. Also, the people who will stop having babies (or have fewer babies) are often educated people with access to wealth, more women's rights, contraception, abortion and a lot of things to do instead of having children, and might just end up caring less about the earth because they won't have children to inherit it. Or the kids could be rich kids who don't believe in the future either and hope their wealth gets them by.

The plan for a lot of people is to do what they think the rest of the world should do in everyday personal choices like ride bikes, vote Greens, less kids, go vegan and such. They hope to exert influence by feeling good about their choices, making it easier for others to make them by doing it together, and eventually moving to Melbourne or Europe where they can vote Green and therefore get their concerns heard by those who can make bigger plans for everyone. Or

crying and hoping that someone will hear and do something more.

The plan for a lot of people is to do whatever they want to do or can do to survive and hope the government works it out, that their lives don't change in some weird way, that it's all not happening, that they will be dead before it gets bad, or people will all come together at the last minute and know what to do.

Maybe the best thing for someone who is ordinary and dumb is to try to ask people in or near the government, media, academia, business etc. to figure out a list all the things everyone probably needs to agree to do – like the rich people, different industries, the government and then small poor ppl like me. Then we can vote yes or no and say things if we think that some stuff is unfair. Or it could be like a pledge and we just judge everyone who doesn't do it (then most people would agree to Stop Adani, if they knew others can stop too)

It would be hard if some people can't vote, or have access to the whole plan and know if they agree with it. So there would need to be a lot of translators, letters, website pages, and things like that saying exactly what the proposed plan could be and why. People could decide whether they could do it or not, and say what else could be done or why they don't want to do something.

Anyhow, to even start talking about this properly and get everyone's attention, we would probably need a TV channel of each country or a whole newspaper and people there to write down bullet points, take calls, emails, etc. and lots of letters like the politicians send out but with actual useful information and proposals.

So that's my 2c. I dunno what the politicians are doing n talking about up there?? Are they stuck for ideas? Guess there's some things you just don't want to say, even if it's common sense or basic organisational + communication ideas

**SEE FACEBOOK FOR MORE DETAILS
AND FEEDBACK FROM PEOPLE WHO
KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO MORE OR LESS**

STAY GROUNDED AND SANE XO



Illustration 7: Matt K pic

